THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXVIII. | MAY, 1876. | NEW SERIES. VOL. V. NO. 5.

FIFTEEN TO TWENTY.

"THE line of conduct chosen by a boy during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years, and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances."

Begin by being careful. Let us say of money, — for there is little chance that you will be free of the besetting sins of the age: love of money, and haste to be rich, — By being careful, not stingy, by prudent savings and judicious spendings, in time you can grow honestly rich. There is enough to open the eyes of all who are not wilfully blind, to the folly, to say nothing of the moral ruin, that stares those in the face who choose to appear rich at once, instead of beginning life in the simple, good, old-fashioned way of our grandfathers, who, by degrees, and honestly, came to more luxurious living in later life, when comfort and ease are essentials.

Be prudent in the way you invest your savings. There are sensible persons who believe in moderate interest, who do not confide in schemes which promise largely, but too often fail to perform. Many a young man, who might secure competence, if not wealth, by investing prudently his modest earnings, risks these, to lose all by speculation, hoping at a bound, by what is called enterprise, to attain wealth. Turn a deaf ear to the reckless who laugh at you for being a "slow coach," for in the end "they laugh who win."

But frugality is not enough. You must be industrious; not by fits and starts, but habitually. Your time (not your soul) is the price to pay for honest success in business. Attend faithfully to the branch of business that, after due consideration, you adopt, and do not change to another without good reason. Besides giving your time, put thought into your work, and so ennoble it. One who loves his country must long for the day when more of our young men, instead of going into the over-stocked market-place, or the crowded Liberal professions, will fall in love with Mother-Earth, and seek for the treasures gained by the horny hand of labor.

Be truthful. The whole world is bought at too high a price at the cost of a soul. Be honest, though you die a poor man. With all just and reasonable desire to win earthly comfort for yourself and for those dearer than self, neglect not mental culture, without which one is indeed poor; mental culture, the source of pure satisfaction in middle life, and one of the few resources of old age.

Keep a clean heart and a clean life. Read no unworthy books, shun dissolute companions, form no base habits, keep the "chambers of imagery" pure, avoid the very beginning of evil, — then you will not be abashed by the eye of a child; then your lot for the here and the hereafter will not be cast on a chance, will not be subject to fate, but will be rooted and grounded in love to God and in the service of man.

THE monotony of the seasons is the monotony of true poetry.

IT must be a cold heart that is not glad at the first stirring of life in the earth, — that has no answering throb to the pulsing of the great heart of nature.

For The Dayspring.

MAY-DAY.

"THE idea of youthful beauty and loveliness, so naturally connected by *northern* nations with the month of *May*, gave rise to its name. For the Saxon, Dutch, Swedish, and Icelandic words for designating the month, mean *beautiful*, *pretty*, *agreeable*. In ancient Germany, Brittany, and ancient France, the words signified *a meadow*, *green*, *a garden*."

In many parts of England the old custom of celebrating May-day still lingers, and possesses sufficient interest and attraction to induce many people of all classes to forsake their resting-places at an unusually early hour to witness its celebration.

Says Aubrey, "At Oxford, the boys do blow cows' horns and hollow canes all night; and on May-day the young maids of every parish carry about garlands of flowers, which afterwards they hang up in their churches; thus reminding people of the pleasantness of that part of the year." "This going about blowing horns on May-day, and for some time previous to it, seems to have been formerly, if it is not at present, almost peculiar to Oxford."

On May-day morning, the tower of Magdalen College, at Oxford, is the scene of an ancient and picturesque custom. On the summit of this elegant tower a portion is railed of for singers and choristers in surplices; the remaining space is for members of the University. "As the last stroke of *five* dies upon the breeze, all heads are reverently uncovered, and the singers and choristers, amid deep silence, pour forth the solemn old Latin hymn, in honor of the Holy Trinity, 'Te Deum patrem colimus.' At its close, a series of discordant blasts, from the tin May-horns below, contrast with the delightful harmony which has just ceased; but the ringing of the tunable and melodious bells completely drowns these sounds beneath."

For the origin of this custom, we find that, in 1501, King Henry VII. gave to St. Mary Magdalen College an annual fee from two churches in the counties of Sussex and of Gloucester, and one acre of land from each of these parishes. In gratitude for this benefaction, the College was accustomed, during the lifetime of the king, to celebrate a service in honor of the Holy Trinity, which service was continued after his death. Queen Elizabeth ordered this Commemoration Service to be performed on the *first of May*; and the Latin hymn in honor of the Holy Trinity, which continues to be sung on the tower at sunrising, has evidently reference to the original Commemoration Service.

The produce of the two acres, formerly distributed between the president and fellows of the College, is now given to the singers and choristers, to supply them with a festal entertainment in the College-hall.

After the death of Henry VII., a *requiem mass* was annually performed on the tower of the college, for his soul; but after the Reformation, "glees and madrigals were substituted, thus making a merry concert of vocal and instrumental music, lasting two hours, concluding with ringing of bells."

At Walden, in the county of Essex, — so called from the Saxon *weald*, a wood, and *den*, a valley, — the old May-day custom still lingers.

"May-day is kept with garlands of flowers, in the centre of which is placed a doll, dressed in white, to represent the Virgin Mary."

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAP. V.

The Cat-Fairy.

IT was pretty of me to think Lucy more of a dear every day, for though kind to us all, Chinchilla was her favorite. Cousin Anita was fast becoming Lucy's good fairy. Her cheeks were rosy now, her eyes bright. Her hair could not curl more gracefully, but her headache, which was more important, had almost ceased. Her hands, that used to be as cold as frogs, were now as warm as they were soft. Soon, roses and pearls would fall from her mouth, as from the good girl's in the fairy story Miss Anita read to the children yesterday. Before her cousin came, Lucy seldom smiled. Now, especially when alone with Miss Anita, she fairly laughed. She had always liked to read; now, she did not pout over lessons. And, wonderful to tell, she did not start at her grandfather's heavy step.

Still stranger, Mount began to study of his own accord. The grass was starting, even in unsheltered spots; the buds, so small when forming last fall that only cat's eyes could see them, were filling out, ready to burst; instead of snow-birds and woodpeckers, robins and sparrows hopped and chirped: but Dr. Clive's fidgety gardener dug and weeded, undisturbed by Mount.

It was the time for Spring dress-making in Clive House and barn. Lucy bent over piping-cord, and Mrs. Whisker prepared our minds for the great event of our year, — the annual visit of Clip-Cut-Clip, the cat-fairy. She had engaged to fit our Summer gowns by the light of this month's full moon. Chinchilla was so nervous that Mrs. Whisker made her take two doses of pennyroyal. Caprille did nothing but cry, "What fun!" while I wondered whether the cat-fairy would not put me in the way of seeking my fortune, like Mayor Whittington's cat.

As twelve struck on the church clock at Harmony Centre, you might have heard our hearts beat, as we listened for the fairy bells. From her pretty blue coach stepped our dainty Queen, white as snow, frisky as a feather blown by a high wind. Her footman, a trim black cat, after respectfully giving his paw, took from the coach a soft brush, a tiny pair of scissors, and a low flight of steps, on which Clip-Cut-Clip stood to trim our fur gowns.

"Remember my rheumatism, please," said Mrs. Whisker, "I cannot wear a very thin frock."

I was so dizzy thinking how to make my wishes known, that Clip rapped me sharply to stand straight, so she could judge of the effect of a roll of fur on my back.

Caprille was too lively to stand still, and raised one paw after another to show her dancing-steps, till the fairy threatened to banish her to the ash-heap for a month.

But our Queen was charmed with Chinchilla's looks and behavior. Polishing and repolishing her lovely skin, she said, "You do me great credit. If all little cats were like you, Spring dress-making would be only a pleasure." To which Chinchilla replied, in her mouse-in-a-cheese voice, "Your hand is so soothing, I would willingly be fitted for all your customers."

When the fairy-queen put us through the cat-drill, she was so well suited with our purring, meaowing, and clawing, that, to reward us, she said, "I will grant you, every one, your first wish, as I hum 'Tira, lira, lira.'"

Her humming was like a string of silvery bells, ringing one after the other on the

midnight air. Then, in a quick, shrill tone, she cried, —

"Mrs. Whisker, long life in the barn; Tab, a change, whether for better or worse time will prove; Caprille, more fun than is good for her; Chinchilla, fish, Lucy, and Mrs. Whisker."

Then, as soon as the coachman could steady the left-hand tame rat (into whose ear Caprille had blown a thimble-full of dust), the black footman handed Clip-Cut-Clip to her seat, and we listened to the fairy bells, fainter and fainter in the distance.

I am not sure that a cat can control her wishes; but certainly Mrs. Whisker's and Chinchilla's were wiser than Caprille's and mine, for Caprille grew more and more restless the more fun she had; and, in asking for a change, I began to fear I might be going from bad to worse.

Caprille, no longer content with poking fun at every one in the barn, wildly sought it at Clive House. Her head was fairly turned. Night after night she tried to pull the bell of the side-door of the left wing, that door which led to the haunted parlor, where an unseen cradle rocked as the white marble mantel clock struck twelve. But ring as Caprille might, the door would not have opened, for the rats had rung that bell so often, that not a servant would waste her steps in answering it, to be paid only by a stare into the blank darkness.

When Caprille got tired of trying to ring the bell, she had grown so bold that she managed to get shut into Clive House, where I, for long, had passed my nights.

Dr. Clive had great fear of the house catching fire, so he never allowed the bedroom doors to be closed; and Caprille had the range of the house. As usual, the Doctor asked Susan whether she was sure none of those barn cats had strayed in. When the old man, who was full of notions, had satisfied himself that what looked like a man pointing a gun at the house, was the branch of a tree, he made up his mind to go to bed.

As soon as he snored, Caprille shook herself, before springing to the light-stand, at the head of the bed. But a large rat, quicker than she, jumped, caught the candle in his mouth, and — vanished. Caprille, not able to find the rat, caught the Doctor's night-cap from his head, and beat a retreat to a corner.

The Doctor half-opened his eyes, and muttered, "Mount, that tree's too high! you'll fall!"

Just then, in walked a small figure in white, with floating curls, eyes open, but not seeming to see; it was our little Lucy! The Doctor started up in bed, and rubbed his eyes. Lucy smoothed the quilt, looped the window-curtains, opened and shut the looking-glass drawer, arranged the pins in the toilet cushion, shook the Doctor's wig, and walked out of the room.

The Doctor followed her, growling, "This comes of lessons. I wonder if Mount is climbing trees in *his night-gown*. Hullo! where's my night-cap? where's the candle?"

"Let me out," mewed Caprille, when he was out of hearing, "ghosts of girls stalking about."

"No ghost, only Lucy. But behind the panel walks" —

"Meaow! meaow!"

"Hush! are you crazy?"

"The Doctor's only half-awake: he is one of the Seven Sleepers, and the saucy rats in the barn are the other six. Let me out!"

No wonder Clip-Cut-Clip said Caprille would have more fun than would be good for her.

CHAPTER VI.

Green Satin Petticoat.

THE next morning, Lucy, bright and early, was stroking Chinchilla in the barn, when Mount ran breathless, to ask, "Who's plagued cousin Anita? She spilt her coffee and ate only one muffin!"

"Maybe she wasn't hungry."

"I tell you something's to pay! Last night grandpa urged her to eat quince a second time; to-day he snapped her sky-high. Perhaps she didn't lock the house up, and robbers got in, and stole the silver candlesticks."

"Robbers! they'd have waked us up."

"Not when they go in stocking-feet, softly as cats."

"What if they walked into my chamber?"

"Your ring is on; where's your gold thimble?"

"Think how frightful to have them looking at you, and you fast asleep!"

"More than robbers walk. Bat Kelley says, *people* walk in their sleep — eyes big — wide open" —

"I don't believe a word Bat says. Irish fairies, Banshees in the story, may" —

"Banshees better be *bat*-shees. Then they'd do for a meaning. That's a prime game for a still one. Tell you what it is, Lucy, I've got it. I overheard grandpa say, though the door of the Chinese parlor was shut, 'walking' and 'sleep.' Maybe cousin Anita walked in her sleep, and frightened grandpa's wig askew."

"She's too wise to walk in her sleep."

"I think heads that go round all day are the very ones to walk asleep."

"Perhaps she read a worrying story before she went to bed, like the 'Green Satin Petticoat.'"

"Don't tell me about petticoats."

"I tell you, you'd have liked it. She told me not to be frightened, but I never was so frightened in my life."

When the children left with the eggs, Caprille said, licking her paws, "It does not sound alarming; a petticoat is not a dog or a gun, and green satin is harmless."

When I reached the secret panel the children were still talking about their cousin.

"Grandpa says there are to be no more lessons. Perhaps he's going to send cousin Anita home."

"She shall not go!" cried Lucy, red in the face. "I love her; she's kind; but you're only plaguing me."

But Dr. Clive cooled down, let the children study, and gave Mount his promised birthday party. Lucy had excited Mount's curiosity enough to make him urge cousin Anita to tell the famous story of the Green Satin Petticoat. And as it was selfish to keep it to myself, I persuaded Caprille to hide behind the panel. But, as cats can see in the dark, Caprille kept her eyes shut for fear of seeing more than she would care to see.

It seemed as if the party would never begin. Lucy, looking very pretty in her new, blue gown, sat shyly on the edge of a chair. Mount, in Sunday suit, with cherry neck-tie, kicked his pumps off and on for half an hour, till, tired of the girls prinking before the looking-glass, and the boys peeping through the crack of the saloon door, he cried, "Hurry up there!" And then the guests sidled in, "making their manners," as Mount said, and sitting down as if they had come to a funeral, and wished it was over.

But when Dr. Clive had gone off for his nap, shutting the doors on his way, cousin Anita proved herself a grand hand to set fun going. They played games, simple

ones for the little girls, and harder ones for the older children. Caprille was ready to jump out of her skin at the chorus of "Puss, Puss."

"Mew! mew! they're calling for us."

"Be quiet! it is only a game, called Puss in the Corner."

When the boys got to wrestling, cousin Anita made them sit down, and cool off for tea. The girls enjoyed the puzzles and maps the most.

Caprille and I longed for the nice supper, at which some of the girls giggled and many of the boys kicked, and almost all ate enough for next day's breakfast.

After tea, cousin Anita played merry tunes on the piano, and the children danced for an hour. But the crown of the feast was when, after the little girl (who cried because her piece of cake happened to be small) was sent for, Miss Anita told the "frightening" story: slowly, incident after incident, but all of which Caprille made me forget by jumping and mewing, and by — when the final words, "Green Satin Petticoat," were thundered out — screeching like a Kilkenny cat.

"That sounds like a *cat* in the wall," said Miss Anita, starting.

"Like a wolf!" cried Dr. Clive, bursting into the room, "a pack of wolves! What are you all about? Nothing but the house on fire could excuse such a noise."

I did not wonder that the old man was angry. I was angry, too, with Caprille. And the children, though they had solemnly promised not to be frightened, had screamed as if every one was having a double-tooth out. And Mount, besides, had jumped high in the air.

"It did not go just as I wished," said Miss Anita, aloud; "but when does it ever? However, I tried my best."

THE GOAT-CHAISE.

LITTLE goats, so often seen drawing too great a load of chaise and children, should be more kindly treated. We may rejoice in the fact, that the boy and his sturdy animals shown in the picture get on very pleasantly together. They have regular customers, who bring bits of broken bread from their homes; and the goats are well-fed and housed by their master. They were trained by his elder brother when they were young. He might often be seen in the twilight, after his day's work was done, getting them used to the bridle and harness. First they were led by the younger boy, or followed him, while the older one merely held the reins in his hand. By degrees they marched alone, and could be guided; then they were put to the empty chaise; and at last, as they got stronger, they had to drag a light load. Now they are very perfect in their work; but their driver will not allow anybody to ill-use them for fun, or in any other way.

When I was a school-boy, one of my companions had a Nanny-goat, which was quite as well trained. By and by one of her kids grew into a splendid he-goat. He was very tall, and we could even ride him. But our great pleasure was to see him jump over bits of cord, stretched across the yard, we running at his side. He learned several other tricks, and as my friend's father kept horses, Billy fared sumptuously out of the well-filled corn-bin. What pleasures Billy added to our half-holidays! and I am happy to think he enjoyed himself as much as we did.

Children's Prize.

"MOST of the shadows that cross our path in life are caused by our standing in our own light."

PLAYING GRANDMAMMA.

MAY ROSCOE is five years old this May-day. The day she was born, Mr. Roscoe wrote to ask his mother if she would not regard the child as named for her if it were christened Mary, but called May. "Call things by their right names," wrote back the old lady; "and if you want to give the baby a new-fangled name, christen her, as well as call her, May. But don't pretend she is Mary, when she is May. They used to call me Molly, and mother, Polly, when we were small; but those good, plain, pet names have gone out, and Mary to boot."

So the pretty May-flower was called after the month in which she was born. And when grandmamma took the long journey to see her youngest child's baby, she was more charmed with *it* than with all her former grandchildren, and perhaps would have borne its being named *June*.

When she came again, three years after, May was still too young to know what a grandmother was like, and whether she liked hers or not. But, now, grandmamma is coming again, and May, at the advanced age of five, is full of wonder over her.

Is she an egg-shell, that May's father has so many charges to be sure and be at home to help her from the station wagon? Is she stone? For when May's mother said, "Henry, don't strain your back in lifting your mother, as you did in carrying me up the stairs," her father exclaimed, "Why, Jenny, my mother weighs so many stone."

When the great day dawned, May asked if it were grandmamma's birthday, so numerous were the preparations. The house was carefully swept and dusted; sponge-cake baked; a feather-bed brought from the attic; easy-chair, cricket, and light-stand placed in the guest chamber; rye griddle-cakes ordered for breakfast; and a nicely arranged glass dish of candy put by the bedside.

May, quite forgotten, which was not often enough the case, stood by, with her big eyes looking almost as large as Daniel Webster's, and thinking to herself it must be very pleasant to be a grandmamma. Then, with every one in his best "bib and tucker," and Mr. Roscoe home an hour earlier, they waited for the wagon, that seemed as if it would never come.

Not so pretty as my mamma, was May's thought, as the old lady was lifted as carefully as if she had been glass, and her bonnet and long cloak taken off, as if she had no more use of her hands than May's cotton-wool doll.

Grandmamma has been there a week, and May's mamma wonders that the frank old lady (who frightens her considerably) does not daunt May at all, who calls for stories and knitting put down as often as she pleases. And just at this moment May's mamma fairly trembles; for, as grandmamma and she glance through the crack of the partly open door, what do they see? Pet May seated, as grand as Cuffy, in the straight-backed chair (which is the only one the old lady chooses to sit in), her feet on the cricket, just like grandmamma; the high-crowned, new Sunday cap perched on her head; the precious spectacles, always lost, and always to be found, dangerously near the edge of her nose; the knitting-needles taken from the ancient silver sheath that belonged to great-grandmother Polly, and many a stitch dropped from the precious sock.

"Playing grandmamma," whispered the old lady; "what a knowing puss she is."

"*Plaguing* grandmamma, I feared you would think," said the young mother, who, for the twentieth time, resolved to get the better of her awe of her husband's mother, at this last proof that May's grandmamma, however rough in the rind, was full of the milk of human kindness.

For the Dayspring.

NINA'S WAND.

"I WISH this hankercher wasn't so big," sighed Nina; "it's taken me 'most a month to do half of one side; and day after to-morrow is mamma's birthday, and it's got to be done before that."

"If you had only worked as steadily as I have, it would have been finished long ago," said her sister Kitty, folding an apron she had made, with a self-satisfied air.

"But I'm a lot littler than you are," remarked Nina. "Oh, dear me! how I wish a fairy would come along and help me get this horrid thing done."

The little curly head dropped on the table, and the work slipped from Nina's chubby fingers. She did not mean to go to sleep, but only just to "fink" a little while, and get rested.

Presently it seemed to be morning. A fairy stood before her, all dressed in gold and blue, with a tiny wand in her hand.

"I heard that you wanted my help, dear, and so I have come," she said.

"What an orful pretty little stick you've got, all gold and pearls," said Nina.

"That is my wand; and I am going to leave it with you for half an hour. During that time, all you wish for will come to pass. When the clock strikes, you must prepare to give it up, for I shall return at nine."

The fairy vanished, leaving Nina in a state of mingled wonder and delight.

"Oh, dear, I want so many things! What shall I ask for first?"

Just then her sister Kitty exclaimed, "I think it is mean to have school such beautiful weather."

Now Nina liked school; but, if Kitty thought it was "mean" to have it keep, of course it must be.

"If I turn sister Sue into a cat, then she can't teach us," thought Nina; and, waving her wand, she cried,—

"Sister Sue, turn into a cat!"

"Guess we won't have any school now," she said triumphantly, as a little gray pussy appeared in her sister's place.

Just then her brother Tom came in.

"Why! where did this ugly cat come from?" he asked.

"That pussy? Oh, it came,—it just came in a minute ago," said Nina.

"We have more cats than we know what do with, now. I must drown it."

"Oh, don't! please don't!" pleaded Nina; then, as a sudden thought came to her, she held up her wand and cried, —

"Tom, turn into a rat!"

Then the cat began to chase the rat. Just then Tom's friend, Ned Allen, came in.

"Oh, give me some of your candy, please," begged Nina.

"No, *ma'am*. I want it all myself."

"You are a reg'lar pig." She waved her wand, — "You may turn into one, — oh no, I don't mean that, for I hate pigs; you may be a dog instead."

Then the dog began to chase the cat.

"Squeak! squeak!" said the rat.

"Mew! mew!" said the cat.

"Bow! wow!" said the dog.

Just then her twin sisters came in.

"Guess I may as well have a reg'lar Noah's ark while I'm about it," thought Nina, as she seized her wand.

"Flossy may be a kangrew, — I always wanted to know how they look, — and Jeannie may be a dormouse. I wonder if they are called that because they live near doors."

She had been so busy that she had entirely forgotten for what she wanted the fairy's help in the first place; but now the slow striking of the great hall clock recalled it to her mind.

"There, it's nine now, and I haven't done a thing about my hankercher; and now I shall only have time to turn these creatures back, before the fairy comes for her wand."

It was even so. They had but just taken their own shapes again, when the fairy appeared.

Nina opened her eyes. Somehow, it was evening once more. Had she been dreaming? No, for the clock was still striking, and there was Ned Allen, who certainly had not been in the room before the fairy came.

"Oh, I have had such a queer 'sperience," said she. "How did you like being a dog, Ned? Won't you give me some of your candy now?"

"The child's been dreaming, and is not more than half-awake yet," said Tom.

"I never was wide-awaker in my life," said Nina, with a yawn. "Wasn't it funny, Sue?" and she told her dream.

"It was odd, dear; but it shows us that we may not always gain as much as we think by having our wishes granted. You see, your wand did you no good at all. Here is your 'hankercher,' just as you left it. You will find your

little fingers are better than any wand, darling; and, if you work hard to-morrow, mamma's present will be ready. But it is bedtime now."

"Won't you carry me up to bed, Tom? I'm *so* sleepy. I'm very glad you are not a rat."

E. L.

AN EASTER HYMN.

READ IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, APRIL 16, 1876.

I.

ONCE more the step of Spring is on the land,
Once more her tender smile lights up the sky,
And cheering sights and sounds on every hand
Proclaim the genial reign of Summer nigh.

II.

Her breath, her look, melts Winter's icy chain
That held the fields and streams so lately bound;
And now from woods and waters, hills and plains,
Voices of hope and gladness float around.

III.

A soul of inarticulate music thrills
The quickened pulse of Nature everywhere;
The mingling murmur of a thousand rills,
And gush of unseen fountains, fill the air.

IV.

Ten thousand tongues of gladness are unsealed:
The matin-song of brook and bee and bird,
Gay children's laugh in street and lane and field,
And cry of bleating flock and lowing herd.

V.

Now earth rejoices in her vernal prime,—
Her waking-hour, her resurrection morn;
Nature and man keep, with her, festal time,
As when a household hails a child new-born.

VI.

Vocal once more, the budding woodland charms
Back to his haunt the Genius of the place;
The common Mother opens wide her arms
To fold her children in her large embrace.

VII.

The breeze's breathing is her blissful sigh;
The murmur of the brook, her whisper low;
Her thoughtful look, the tender arching sky;
Her salutation, morn's and evening's glow.

VIII.

Thus life and bloom return to earth's pale face;
But to how many a human face, no more
Can all the show, the glory, and the grace,
Bring back the gleam of soul so late it wore!

IX.

To wintry wastes return the summer flowers,
And summer birds return with jocund strain;
But friends whose hand but yesterday clasped ours,
Save in sad memory, come not back again.

X.

The shadow of a darker Angel's wing
Falls on the field where Hope's bright banners wave,
And warbling birds their blithesome matins sing,
And hang their nests above the new-made grave.

XI.

And do not they, too, whisper holy cheer?
They, too, are angel-teachers, Jesus saith:
They carol o'er the grave: Love reigns e'en here,
Life springs triumphant on the field of death!

XII.

O joy! though dust is buried in the dust,
The soul is gathered to the life above;
The all-o'ershadowing wings of God, our trust;
Our home, the bosom of his boundless love.

XIII.

The tender clouds that veil the face of Spring
Fall on the earth in soft refreshing showers;
So, in God's time, shall sorrow's tear-drops bring
To patient souls Hope's deathless garden-flowers.

XIV.

Count it not strange that now, while o'er the land
The busy sowers going forth we see,
God's angel walks abroad, with unseen hand
Burying the seeds of Immortality!

XV.

E'en so he taught, who, in this vernal hour,
When Nature wakes to new-born life and bloom,
Came forth like morning, in the Spirit's power,
Triumphant from the fetters of the tomb.

XVI.

Heed well, he said, the teaching of the earth,
The word of wisdom whispered from the ground:
The seed must die, that so it may bring forth
Much fruit, and greatly live, with beauty crowned.

XVII.

O list these voices, God's immortal child!
Prophets of glorious things to come are they;
Joys incorruptible and undefiled,
Laid up in Heaven, that shall not fade away!

XVIII.

Once more the heavens proclaim: Christ hath arisen!
Wide open stands the door twixt heaven and earth!
He comes to lead the spirits forth from prison,
And rouse the soul to feel its heavenly birth.

XIX.

From the soul's death of doubt and gloom and coldness
All nature summons man to wake and rise,
Fling off the weary weight of habit's oldness
For new Spring raiment woven in the skies.

XX.

Earth is God's mansion; thankfully adore him,
And walk in meekness, love, and patience dressed, —
The wedding garment, which, to wear before him,
The Lord of heaven provides for man, his guest.

C. T. B.

NEWPORT, R.I.

THE BODY.

GEORGE MCDONALD has a faculty for presenting thoughts in a remarkable striking way, simply because he writes as he would talk. He says: "There is a great mistake in teaching children that they have souls. If you do, they think their souls to be something which is not themselves. For what a man has cannot be himself. Hence, when they are told their souls go to heaven, they think of themselves as lying in the grave. They ought to be taught that they have bodies, and that their bodies die, but they themselves live on." We cut our hair once a month, we cut our finger-nails once in a day or two. Do we feel any regret at parting with those portions of our body? Do we even once think of them after they are cut? We trim our beard and throw it in the fire, or let it be swept up in the dust-pan. Do we sentimentalize over it, or feel horror at thinking of it mingled with dirt, or blown to the four winds? Yet they are a part of the body, as surely as is an arm or hand, the heart, or the eye. Why, then, shall not the attitude of the mind be the same to the whole of the body as to a part? We think it must be so after we have thrown it off. It is a pity we cannot think so now. That feeling would entirely do away with the wistful, half-frightened question: "Should not you think that, if memory is still perfect within us after death, we should be very unhappy to know our bodies were lying mouldering to decay?" We should then care no more for it than today we do for a cut finger-nail. Literally separated from it, and yet consciously existing in some shape or state, we should so feel *ourselves* in whatever form we should be, that any past form would be alike. Having worn a garment for a long time, until it has become faded, rusty, and worthless, do we not put on a fresh, beautiful piece of clothing with satisfaction and pleasure? So must it be with the soul after we have passed. How exquisite may not that garment be! The corruptible shall put on incorruption. "Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," we may

be thrilled through with light and beauty. Every defect and blemish smoothed away; our countenances grown wonderfully fine and clear in that heavenly atmosphere, who shall then say regretfully, "My body is dust"? The Golden Rule.

COSEY CORNER.

DID you ever think how strange it is that we always have something to talk about, that we never get talked out? So far as we know, animals cannot talk. And how sad it is for a human being to be dumb. How often I have listened to my mother's telling of her aunt, who was born deaf and dumb. She grew up in the midst of a large family of sisters (there were eight of them). No one could tell what she thought of being different from all the rest. She saw that their lips moved; and when she wanted any thing badly, she made dreadful sounds in her throat, trying to make her wishes known. She was very fond of dress. One night, when one of her pretty sisters — and they were very pretty — was going to a party, Aunt Sally made signs and sounds to show that she, too, wanted a necklace and lace tucker. It is not easy for us to picture what a dull, forlorn life she led. Her death was as silent as her life; for one of her sisters awoke to find her dead at her side.

But it is joy to think that, the garment of the body having fallen, her ear was unstopped, and her tongue loosened, so she could not only hear, but join in the songs of angels.

Thinking of Aunt Sally, let us not abuse our privilege of talking. Perhaps you think it is only grown folks who *gossip*. But children gossip when they laugh at and talk about their companion's looks or clothes or ways. The true way is to form the habit early of talking about things, and not about people. Use your eyes as you look up at the ever-changing and glorious picture spread by the sky from morning till night, when the stars can be seen to be wondered at; use your eyes as you are walking, and notice the green moss and graceful leaves springing beneath your feet, nor overlook the curious insects hustling and rustling amongst them, — then you will find so much to talk about, that you will let alone your schoolmates' faults and queer ways; then you will see that red hair or brown, curled or straight, and gowns faded or bright, are not of as much consequence as an observing mind and an obliging temper.

We all fail in speaking *kindly*. We may not own a piano or a guitar, but most of us have a sweet musical instrument, on which we can play beautiful harmonies, if we please; and, if any one is so unfortunate as to be born with a harsh voice, why, he must take extra pains that only friendly words roll over it. A blind man has to choose his wife by her voice: and a very good way; for in choosing a friend one is more attracted by a pleasant voice than a handsome face.

Never battle with your tongues, my dears; and if you find that others are set on having a war of words, leave them at once. Think of the same voice at one moment saying "Our Father," and at another, cursing his children! Try to be able to say with a venerable man, "I have never uttered an oath!"

Try to be one of those whose word can be trusted. Above all, try to keep a clean tongue. If an unworthy thought enters your mind, let it not take shape in words, but, by steadfast turning from it, and by prayer, banish it to the darkness whence it sprung.

HAS NOT A SQUASH-VINE INSTINCT?

Do plants possess that quality to which, in the case of animals, we give the name of instinct? Already experiments are making with the view of ascertaining the proper answer to this query. The "Garden," an English serial of high authority, reports the singular result of one such experiment upon climbing plants. When a post was set upright near the growing tip of a squash-vine, the plant turned to the post: then the post was removed and its position in reference to the vine was totally altered; and immediately the vine changed its course, so as to make for the post in its new position. This was tried several times, but always with the same result: the plant constantly turned toward the post as the only means of support within its reach. Has not a squash-vine instinct?"

Our Dumb Animals.

A GRAY wolf has about as extensive a bill of fare in the matter of man's clothing and appointments as any animal in creation, except, perhaps, a monkey.

In my early days, in Burmah and India, I once possessed a rare specimen of the last-named genus, who, when he found the opportunity, beautifully illustrated his descent from the lower orders of man, by devouring a three-volume novel in less time than any young lady of the period could acomplish it. He never knew a moment's starvation as long as he had a photograph album to appease his love of literature.

Selected.

"LET no flower of the spring pass by us; let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered."

Book of Wisdom.

WHY?

TELL me, little vine-berries,
If I may be so bold,
Why are you reddest and rarest
'Neath the tree that is bent and old?
And you, little downy spring blossoms,
And fair ferns, graceful and green,
Why do you cluster the sweetest
His gnarled old roots between?
And mosses, O shining mosses,
With your caps of scarlet and gold!
Why do you stay with his lichens,
So withered and gray and old?
They only clung closer, and looked very wise
Out of their dewy-sweet woodland eyes.

But I came away home to the children,
Elsie and Winnie and Ned;
And there was grandfather, surely,
With his dear and wise gray head,—
With his face all laughing wrinkles,
And his voice one shout of glee.
For high on his back rode Elsie,
And the others were climbing his knee,—
Pictures and toys all forgotten,
And mother quite out of mind, too.
I stood and smiled at the frolic,
And the wood-flowers' answer knew,—
Green leaves and blossoms and dewdrops pearled:
"Grandfather's grandfather all through the world."

Selected.

THE turning of the year is very gradual. And yet in every spring there is one day that seems *the* herald of the new birth; one day when the air is so soft, the singing of the birds so jubilant, the sky so cloudlessly blue, and the heart so light,—there can be no doubt that the winter is over and gone. The yearly miracle has come round; the earth that was dead, like Lazarus, is alive again, and every living thing is thrilling to the new stream of life that is flooding the world. And it is such an unfading, untiring joy. Solomon's heart leapt to it nearly three thousand years ago; and Daphne Lynn's heart leaps to it to-day.

"Jonathan."

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?

THE clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked, —

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother, sadly, "it seemed to say, Gone — gone — gone — gone!"

"What mother? what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by him to inquire of you — of me, what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where is it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words, and deeds, while it was with us. Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader! what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high of you?

For The Dayspring.

"LIVING JEWELS."

I.

Turquoise. — Conscientiousness.

II.

Emerald. — Active Usefulness.

III.

Sapphire. — Heavenly Mindedness.

IV.

Jasper. — Wrestling.

V.

Amethyst. — Uprightness.

VI.

White Cornelian. — Disinterestedness.

VII.

Opal. — Submission.

VIII.

Ruby. — Love.

IX.

Onyx, or Chalcedony. — Humility.

Puzzles.

BISHOP OF OXFORD'S TRUNK.

THE following riddle, which once appeared in the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*, is said to be by one of the most learned and eloquent divines of the day: "All persons pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, yet few have numbered up the strange medley of things which make up my whole. I have a large box and two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, three established measures, and a great many little articles which a carpenter cannot do without. Then I always carry about with me a couple of esteemed fishes, and a great many of a smaller tribe, two lofty trees, two fine flowers, and the fruit of an indigenous plant, a handsome stag, two playful animals, a great number of a smaller and less tame kind, two halls, or places of worship, some weapons of warfare, a number of weather-cocks, the steps of a hotel, two students, or rather scholars, and ten Spanish grandees to attend upon me.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

T u B
H er O
E gg S
H ear T
U rbin O
B rai N

THE DAYSPRING,

(Elizabeth P. Channing Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(George F. Piper, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.